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From the American Daily Advertiser.

The following tribute of affectionate remembrance was intended to have announced the decease of a beloved fellow-citizen, in *the American Daily Advertiser;* but its appearance was prevented, at the time, by other effusions of spontaneous respect, which had been previously offered for insertion:—It will still however be acceptable to many of our readers, as a more detailed account of a life that exhibited a shining example of piety, humility, and zeal.

ON the nineteenth instant, after a lingering illness, departed this life—in peace with God and Man, WILLIAM SAVERY; an eminent Minister of the Gospel of Christ, in profession with the Society of Friends.

"Wisdom," says Solomon, "is grey hairs; and an unspotted life, old age."—The blameless subject of the following memento, had not yet compleated his fifty-fourth year; and an aged mother still survives, to shed the tears of maternal affection, over the grave of a son, whose *life and conversation*, had long *adorned the doctrine of the Gospel.*

It was neither in the seclusion of a cloister, nor amidst the dissipation of a court; but in the familiar walk of common life, and useful occupation, that this venerable man fulfilled the duties, and revived the example of a Christian Bishop in the age of the Apostles.—"These hands," could he have said with St. Paul, "have ministered to my necessities, and those that were with me;" for he wrought daily at his trade, which was that of a tanner, *that he might provide things honest in the sight of all men, and have wherewithal to give to them that had need, without making the ministration of the Gospel a charge to any.* Yet such was his consistent care to avoid *entangling himself with the affairs of this life, that he might please Him, who had chosen him to be a Soldier in the Christian warfare*, that he was wont to say, in the simplicity of his heart—"I am worth about"—so much, "and I never expect to be richer."

This faithful follower of a self-denying Leader, held nothing too dear to be parted with for the promotion of truth and righteousness in the earth. In the year 1796, with the approbation of his brethren, he visited the churches of their communion in Great Britain and Ireland; and afterward travelled through some parts of Holland, France and Germany, to salute, in the love and fellowship of the Gospel, the honest hearted professors of the Christian faith, of every religious denomination. From this apostolic mission he returned in 1798, with the answer of peace in his bosom; and again betook himself to that *quiet and peaceable life, in which he was an example to the believers, in all godliness and honesty.* When Philadelphia was re-visited with a pestilential fever in 1802, and again in 1803, this devoted servant of a Master that *went about doing good*, thought it his duty to remain in the city, and assist in taking care of the sick—thus, literally, fulfilling the Scripture definition of *pure and undefiled* religion, by *visiting the fatherless and widows, in their affliction;* as well as by *keeping himself unspotted from the world.*

In the intercourse of social life, an easy temper—perhaps a spark of national vivacity (for he was descended from a family of French protestants, that had been exiled from Montpellier during the persecution under Louis XIV.) rendered him peculiarly frank, and unreserved. His open countenance beamed with the cheerfulness of good will; and the grave deportment that becomes his profession, was happily tempered with natural urbanity, as well as Christian grace.

In the exercise of his spiritual gifts, as a Minister of the Church Militant, he was careful not *to run, when he was not sent;* and such was the awefulness of his frame, in public prayer, that cold indeed must have been that heart, which was not animated by the fervency of his supplication.

The tenor of his life was his Creator's praise—and

"GLORY TO GOD!"

was the grateful aspiration of his ascending spirit, when *mortal* was about to *put on immortality, in the Christian triumph over death and the grave.* It remains for us that are behind *to follow him, as he followed Christ*—if we also would receive *the welcome sentence* of "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

AN ADDRESS TO FASHION.

'Tis to thee, O Fashion! I address myself; whose voice even the deaf can hear! whose fascinating form even the blind can see! whose sway extendeth over both old and young—prince and peasant! Before thee Wisdom "loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews;" seeing thy power is unlimited, thy dominion resistless, and thy reign is predominant over the hearts of the fair.—'Tis at thy shrine they devote themselves with unabating zeal: 'tis at thy call they emulously strive who shall first obey thy imperious mandate: in thy cause their utmost powers are exerted, who hold in chains, even the boasted lords of the creation. In obeying thy injunctions, what will they not forego! what sacrifices will they not make! At thy command, they have tottered under the weight of enormous head-dresses, have barricadoed themselves in buckram and whalebone, have encircled themselves with massy hoops, as an entrenchment, and fortified themselves as against an host of foes. Yet at thy call have they dispensed with all, given up all the out-works which they seemed to place such confidence in, and gone into the opposite extreme, scarcely leaving covering sufficient to repel a besieger! In obedience to thy mandate, they expose their lovely forms from the rude glare of licentiousness, and leave them undefended to the keen blasts of Boreas, or the scorching kisses of Phoebus: "The icy phang, and churlish chiding of the winter's wind," is drowned by thy prevailing voice: nor will they screen themselves from the burning rays of the sun, if thou forbid it! For thee they sacrifice ease and health—even health—sweetest companion of the fair—which paints their cheeks with roses, which makes their eyes sparkle with lustre, and adds radiance to beauty—even thou art neglected, if Fashion require it. For thy sake, O tyrant Fashion, they bedaub

their cheeks with paints and creams; for thee they will bereave themselves of the lovely tresses which adorn their heads—the precious gift of Nature, which she has given them for a covering—to be supplied by the fantastical hand of Art! 'Tis thy voice drowns the once regarded voice of Modesty itself—once dear to every virtuous female breast, which consecrated beauty, and doubly enhanced its value. Yet Modesty, once so honoured, must yield, and retire unheeded by the gay votaries of Fashion. And is then Modesty quite disregarded? quite forgotten by the fair? No—there are yet those who scorn Fashion's despotic sway, when it exceeds the bounds of Modesty, who can resist its lawless force, nor follow the giddy track of Fashion further than virtue and decorum warrants. May, then, thy votaries, O Fashion, decrease, till, restored to proper limits, thou shalt only use thy influence to adorn and ornament beauty, instead of impairing and degrading it.

Q.

A FRAGMENT.

Keen blew the wind o'er a waste of snow, when, with vagrant step, and wildly-gazing eye, the injured outcast, Delwin, Misery's hapless child, heedless of danger, careless of life, rushed amidst the terrors of a trackless plain. The world, even highly praised society, he fled, tortured by unkindness, perfidy, and ingratitude, from those he once dearly loved and trusted. Despair took possession of his soul, and reflection bred distraction. The cutting blasts of the north scattered the auburn locks that adorned his manly brow, while from the tongue, so late all-persuasive in eloquence, dropped the incoherencies of a mind lacerated to an eminent degree of anguish. "Chill are your winds, stern winter," he cried; "but not half so chill as the pitiless blasts of Misfortune. Yours but reach the corporeal feelings; her's with tenfold severity strike deeply into the mental ones. Yet had my Ella, faithless, but still loved, had she, when the black frown of displeasure sat on an angry parent's brow, when, (pardon him, Blessed Redeemer!) a bitter curse was invoked on my head, dashing me from the height of happiness down the precipice of misery, but welcomed the disowned Delwin, who for her incurred the malediction of his father, still might I have derived some small portion of comfort from the conviction of her constancy. But Ella loved the fortune, not the man. Now, torturing thought! my false friend, and happy rival, revels in bliss; for this, this, is their wedding day!" Utterance became painful; wildly he retrod the way he had passed, till tired nature demanded a respite. No longer from his eyes beamed the fire which had illumined them. Cold, pale, and numbed, yet almost unconscious, he continued to walk, till streaming from the windows of a stately mansion, innumerable lights burst on his astonished sight. From the dusky gloom of twilight, to the blaze of an artificial day, was a wondrous change in his visual sense. With a fixed stare he regarded the noble edifice, while a pillar, round whose base the snow had drifted, supported his body, almost sinking from the combined effects of the weather, and inward anguish. Some confused idea of having been familiar with the scenes before him, crossed his mind; but ere he could recollect when, a strain of melody enchained his attention. Agile forms, decorated with the spoils of the ostrich, &c. tripped with light steps past the windows. Loud peals of laughter reached his ears; and pleasure seemed to reign arbitrary over all, save the sad, sad heart of Delwin. A being, superior to the rest, engaged all his powers of observation. The gems of foreign climes sparkled about her; an arm, white as the snow below, was drawn through a man's at her side, who with delight appeared to dwell on her looks. They stopped. Delwin uttered a cry of agony.—"My Ella," he exclaimed, (vainly stretching forth his arms), "my Ella, my affianced bride!!" A smile of complacency irradiated the countenance of the beauteous girl; her companion pressed her to his bosom. "Madness!" cried the wanderer. "Wilford too! False, perjured woman!—Unworthy Henry!—From my heart, even my memory, I for ever exclude ye!" Still he looked, and still were they in sight. A magnificent carriage advanced to the gate, against a pillar of which Delwin leaned. "Beggar, make room!" said a pampered hireling. The poor youth glanced his eye over the equipage. There, in all the pomp of pride, sat the father of the "Beggar;" the haughty, vindictive Baron Delwin! "Why does the fellow stand there?" vociferated the Peer. "Father," gasped the poor convulsed Delwin, "She's there—but not for me. You, false Henry—my forgiveness—Oh, Ella—pardon—all—every thing." The vital current ceased to flow, Misery had its victim; and in innocence and virtue, the soul of Delwin fled to its Savior and its God.

AMELIA.

"Learn to be wise from others harm,
"And you will do full well."

Who is that I see (said I to an aged hind) seated on yon beetling cliff, that ovar-hangs the watery surge?—'Twas a meagre, diseased, half-cloathed figure, whose glaring eyes, and wandering conversation, too plainly spoke the wreck of reason.

"She was," replied the rustic moralizer, "once the flower of our village: beautiful as Aurora, dressed in the smiling rays of the approaching sun. Each heart acknowledged her excellence; in her presence every eye beamed joy. At that period she was the comfort of her only surviving parent, and the idol of the surrounding peasantry. Virtue was then the companion of her steps; now she is the victim of irreparable disgrace." "You have raised my curiosity," I rejoined. "May I ask you to tell me the cause of this melancholy catastrophe you so feelingly deplore?"

"Her story is short," replied the peasant. "If you will accompany me to the other side of the cliff, where my flocks are grazing, your wish shall be gratified. Alas! (he continued,) who would now recognize in those hollow cheeks, and that distorted countenance, the once beautiful and interesting Amelia Stanhope! Such, however, are the sure consequences of a wonton deviation from rectitude.

"The path of unhallowed pleasure is destruction to those who pursue it. Soon the voluptuous votary finds the roses, which every where met his view, fade at his touch; leaving only their thorns to rankle deep in his heart. Even in the indulgence of those pleasures for which he has forfeited every claim to moral or social virtue, he is inhaling a poison that will inevitably shorten his existence, and send him before his allotted period, to the presence of that God he has so impiously offended." We had by this time reached the other side of the cliff, on the summit of which the subject of our conversation was sitting. My companion led my steps to a seat he had placed round the trunk of a spacious oak, whose pendant branches sheltered us from the fierce rays of a glowing sun.

"Mr. Stanhope, the father of Amelia," said my aged narrator, "was the pastor of our parish. Frequently have I listened with reverential awe to the doctrine that fell from his lips, as with mild persuasive eloquence he contrasted the happiness of a present and future state, in yon church, whose spire you may see through the opening of those trees.

"But he shone not merely in the pulpit: in his private life he was equally exemplary; being a steady friend to the unfortunate, a comforter to the afflicted, and an hospitable entertainer to those who claimed his protection.

"Amelia was still in the bloom of beauty, when she gave her hand in marriage to a worthy youth, who had gained her regards, and at that period possessed her entire love. The three first years of their union were passed in reciprocal acts of kindness and affection, during which period she gave birth to a son. But Amelia's virtues unfortunately were the effect of continued good example, rather than the result of principle, or a conviction that true happiness is only to be obtained by an unbroken series of virtuous deeds. Naturally of a weak and enervated mind, she had neglected to acquire a command over herself, and to give that stability to her character, which was essential to prevent her becoming the victim of systematic and unprincipled seduction. Had she at first turned a deaf ear to those flatteries paid to her vanity at the expence of her understanding, (which in her situation it was criminal to listen to,) she would have escaped those snares so successfully spread for her destruction. The gilded lures of licentious pleasure were at first thrown with a cautious hand. By deliberate gradations, however, Amelia and her titled seducer arrived at the highest pitch of human infamy. When no longer able to conceal her situation, she accepted the offers of her new protector; leaving a doting father, a fond husband, and her child, the victims of her disgraceful conduct.

"A broken heart in a few weeks numbered the unfortunate Stanhope with the dead. His afflicted son-in-law followed his remains to the silent tomb. He returned to the parsonage: for since Amelia's defection, he had resided with his father. All was sad, gloomy, and solitary; every room spake the tidings of death. In vain he looked for the mild figure of his father, in cheering of whose sorrow he had in some degree diverted his own. No smile of anguish now met his moanings; no heart beat with reciprocal affliction at his throbs. The world, to his phrenzied view, appeared a receptacle of triumphant villainy. In a fit of despair, he brought his child to the top of this cliff, and plunged with it into the billowy surge. Three days and nights they were missed; on the fourth they were tossed on the beech, locked in each others arms. They were buried together. The villagers have planted a weeping willow over their graves, which seems anxious to bedew the spot where they repose.

"A splendid establishment had been prepared for melia, who for a while mixed in the vortex of dissipation. But soon she found how transient and fleeting are those pleasures whose basis is vice. Amidst the continued whirl of licentious gaiety in which she was tossed, the still small voice of conscience could not be heard. In the ball-room, at the opera, and the theatre, fancy would present her husband, her father, her child, to her mind, in all the misery she had involved them; and then would she regret her lost honour, and sigh for the virtuous path she had abandoned. These fits of repentance were, however, only temporary: she returned again to the indulgence of those dissipations which were now become necessary to her existence. She continued to live with her guilty paramour till the death of her father, and the subsequent death of her husband; and though her heart could not forget them, her tongue never pronounced their names.

"Amelia, as I have heard, was at breakfast surrounded by a swarm of gay reprobates, when the morning papers were brought in, teeming with the melancholy catastrophe I have already related. SUICIDE, in large characters, caught her eye, and prompted her to read. Soon as her eye skimmed the dreadful contents, her blood recoiled in her veins, her phrenzied eyes glared wild and horribly; and snatching a knife from the table, she was forcibly restrained from plunging it into her breast. From that moment, Reason forsook her seat, and she became the very wretch you now behold her. Nor did her iniquitous partner escape: for the first time, conscience made its appeal; like the thunder of heaven. His manifold crimes stood in fierce array before him, followed him whether in solitude or in a crowd, by night as well as by day, allowing no rest to his guilty soul; till at last, in a fit of horror, he sought a voluntary death, and thus heaped vengeance on his head.

"Amelia, at his decease, was turned destitute from the house by his successor, and passed by the parish, to which she would have otherwise become burthensome, to her native village. And now, when a just sense of the enormity of her offence might induce her to repent, and make her peace with heaven, reason denies its assistance. She can only rave in the wilderness of despair; nor heeds that balm which humanity would pour into her wounds."

THE HARMONY OF CONTRAST.

THERE is between Man and Woman a wonderful analogy of forms, of inclinations, and of tastes; but there is a difference still greater, of these very qualities. Love, as we shall have occasion to observe, results only from contrasts, and the greater they are, the more powerful is its energy. I could easily demonstrate this, by the evidence of a thousand historical facts. It is well known, for example, with what a mad excees of passion that tall and clumsy soldier *Mark Antony* loved, and was beloved by, *Cleopatra;* not the person whom our Sculptors represent, of a tall, portly, sabine figure, but the *Cleopatra* whom Historians paint, as little, lively, sprightly, carried, in disguise, about the streets of Alexandria, in the night-time, packed up in a parcel of goods, on the shoulders of *Apollodorus*, to keep an assignation with *Julius Cæsar*.

The influence of contrasts, in Love, is so certain, that, on seeing the lover, it would be easily possible to draw the portrait of the beloved object, without having seen it, provided only it were known that the passion were extremely violent. Of this I myself have made proof, on various occasions; among others, in a city where I was entirely a stranger. A gentleman of the place, one of my friends, carried me to visit his sister, a very virtuous young lady, and he informed me, as we were going, that she was violently in love. Being arrived at her appartments, and love happening to become the subject of conversation, it came into my head to say to her, that I knew the laws which determined our choice in love, and that, if she would permit me, I could draw her lover's picture, though he was utterly unknown to me. She bid me defiance: upon this, taking the opposite to her tall and buxum figure, to her temperament and charac-

ter, which her brother had been describing to me, I painted her favourite as a little man, not overloaded with flesh, with blue eyes, and fair hair, somewhat fickle, eager after information. Every word I uttered made her blush up to the eyes, and she became seriously angry with her brother, accusing him of having betrayed her secret. This, however, was not the case, and he was fully as much astonished as herself.

These observations are of more importance than we, generally, imagine. They will enable us to demonstrate, to what a degree our Institutions deviate from the laws of nature, and weaken the power of Love, when they assign to Woman the studies and the employments of Man. Virtue alone knows how to turn these contrasts to good account, in the married state, in which the duties of the two sexes are so very different. There, too, she presents to their natural ambition, a career the most sublime, in the education of their children, whose minds it is their duty to form; and their sweetest recompense to receive, in exchange, the first sentiments of filial affection. In the hearts of their children their memory is to be perpetuated on the earth, in a manner more affecting, and infinitely more indelible, than the memory of Kings on the public monuments. What power can equal that which confers existence, and the power of thought; and what recollection can last so long as that of filial gratitude?

The government of a good king has been compared to that of a Father; but the empire of a virtuous Father can be compared only to that of GOD himself. Virtue is, to Man, the true law of Nature. It is the harmony of all harmonies. Virtue alone can render Love sublime, and Ambition beneficent. It can derive the purest gratification even from privations, the most severe. Rob it of Love, Friendship, Honour, the Sun, the Elements, it feels that, under the administration of a Being just and good, abundant compensation is reserved for it, and it acquires an increase of confidence in GOD, even from the cruelty and injustice of Man. It was virtue that supported, in every situation of life, an *Antonius*, a *Socrates*, an *Epictetus*, a *Fenelon;* that rendered them, at once, the happiest, and the most respectable of Mankind.

If, on the one hand, Nature has established contrasts, in all her works, on the other, she has deduced from them harmonies which re-unite them all again. It would appear that, having fixed upon a model, it was her intention to communicate to all places a participation in its beauty. The light and disk of the Sun, are, accordingly, reflected a thousand different ways, by the planets of the heavens, by the parhelions and rainbow in the clouds, by the *Aurora-borealis* in the ices of the North; in a word, by the refractions of the Atmosphere, the reflexes of the waters, and the specular reflections of most bodies on the Earth. The islands, in the midst of the Ocean, represent the mountainous forms of the Continent; and the mediterranean Seas and Lakes in the bosom of mountains, represent the vast plains of the mighty Deep.

STUDIES OF NATURE.

RARE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

.....

And now I must tell thee, dear wife how thy daughter [her:
Makes a progress in all the fine things thou hast taught
Not like thy old grandmother Dorothy Distoff,
Who'd spin half a day without taking her fist off;
She'll dance a cotillon ....make verses.....draw faces.....
Read novels.....sing catches.....and study the graces.
She's a great many pretty French words at command,
That sound vastly sweet, yet I can't understand,
For French is a language so very genteel,
That a few little words will imply a great deal,
So very concise, and so given to vary,
'Tis in vain to apply to your vocabulary.....
Savee veaver, *bong tong*.....that's as much as to say
We grow more polite and improve every day,
That for eating and drinking we know the best rules,
And our fathers and mothers were blockheads and fools,
That dress, cards, and dancing alone should engage
This far more enlighten'd and delicate age. [while
Oh! I wish you could see, my dear spouse, all this
How she copies your sweet irresistible smile!
How she simpers, and prinks, while the glass is before her;
And calls all the cupids around to adore her;
With a grace and an air so genteel and becoming,
Signiora Squallina's new minuet humming, [vance,
Now backwards she moves, now her steps doth ad-
With the same winning ogle, the same killing glance,
Which beam'd from your eyes, with such lustre divine,
My marrow they pierc'd, in the year thirty-nine,
And made me at once so my senses forget,
I fear I have hardly recover'd them yet,
For why ye must stucco, and whitewash your faces
(A fashion which Madge with such rapture embraces)
Then ruddle them over like sheep for the market,
I must own, my dear wife, I am quite in the dark yet;
But have no kind of doubt, she is quite in the right
As the world all allows.....'tis extremely polite,
Your fine travel'd ladies, old Madam Van-Crone
And lady Rouge-Dragon declare 'tis the ton.
Now why need I tell how her throat she doth raise
How shove up her bosom, and shove down her stays!
For to make a young lady a true polite figure,
You must cramp up her sides that her breasts may look bigger,
And hers tho' a chicken as yet, my dear Dinah,
Stand forth full as plump, and as jolly as thine are;
And why should she leave any charms for conjecture,
Like the virgin you see in your grandmother's picture,
You never as yet did those beauties conceal,
Which nature intended your sex to reveal;
And I'm happy that Madge has acquir'd such a spice,
Of your excellent manners, and wholesome advice,
Has the spirit, the taste, the good nature, and sense,
To treat all mankind at so small an expense;
And whilst I instruct her that path to pursue,
So well pointed out, so well trodden by you,
I am sure, my dear Dinah, you never can think ill
Of your ever sincere, and affectionate

INKLE.

TO A LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT.

.....

Fair mourner, cease this unavailing grief,
Nor longer drown those eyes in floods of tears;
Oh give at length your troubled breast relief,
And let the voice of Reason soothe your cares.

Your little Harriet, ah, how sweet a child!
Form'd to engage a mother's fondest care;
Of winning actions, and of temper mild,
Her face than fairest lilies far more fair.

Yet more endearing blessings still remain;
A husband worthy of your truest love;
And other babes, to soothe your tender pain;
Which both amusement and delight must prove.

And think, dear Fanny, whose all-bounteous hand
Does still on you these various treasures shower;
Nor more repine at his divine command:
He takes in mercy, as he gives in power.

Your happy Harriet flies from earth's low scene,
To join on high the infant heavenly host;
Where love and peace, and bliss for ever reign,
And all the troubles of this world are lost.

Submit then to the Almighty's wise behest,
Nor longer mourn her passage to the skies;
Let reason interpose, and calm your breast,
And still be chearful, tho' your Harriet dies.

LAVINIA SOPHIA.

EPIGRAM.

"*Tempus nos terimus; terit et nos tempus*"—

"Time wasts me away," says the drunkard, "each day,
"Ere I scarce have arriv'd at my prime."
"Hold, hold—not so fast"—says the scholar, in haste;
"For I think it is you that waste Time!"